



# JASMA of the Odes

No. 95 Rs.



AN ADAPTATION OF A FAMOUS LEGEND  
OF GUJARAT

Jasma of the Ode tribe of Gujarat is remembered for her loyalty to her husband, for her fearless conduct in the face of the might of King Siddharaj Jaisingh and for her love of the rugged life of the nomadic Odes. Many a folksong is sung about her, to this day, in Gujarat and Rājasthan.

According to the legend, in an earlier birth, Jasma was an apsara (celestial nymph) and had been sent to earth by Indra to distract the meditation of sage Nala. The enraged sage cursed her. She would be born in the poor nomadic community of Odes and be forced to marry an ugly man. It was in fulfilment of this curse that she was married to Rupa, the ugly son of Bhalo Bhand.

A wandering bard of King Siddharaj Jai Singh's court chanced to see Jasma and he described what he saw to his king when he returned to the court. The king had to see the dazzling beauty. When he did, he was captivated by her beauty and offered to marry her; to make her the queen of Gujarat. Jasma looked at him in disdain, spurned his offer and rebuked him for having cherished such evil thoughts. This dialogue between the King and Jasma forms, perhaps, the most eloquent part of the folksongs and is sung with deep feeling by the inspired villagers.

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# JASMA

## OF THE ODES

JASMA WAS THE DAUGHTER OF MAYAK DALO DHAND, CHIEF OF THE NOMADIC ODE TRIBE.



WHEN JASMA WAS BORN—

SHE REMINDS ME OF A JASMINE, FAIR AND PRETTY AS SHE IS.

THEN LET US CALL HER JASMA.

UNFORTUNATELY FOR JASMA, HER MOTHER DIED WHEN SHE WAS JUST A TODDLER.

POOR MOTHERLESS JASMA. I MUST MARRY AGAIN AND BRING A MOTHER FOR YOU.



DALO MARRIED A GIRL CALLED DALI.

DALI, YOU WILL BE A MOTHER TO JASMA, WON'T YOU?

JASMA - JASMA. I'M SICK OF THAT NAME. I WONDER WHY SHE DIDN'T DIE WITH HER MOTHER.

OF COURSE I WILL, MY LORD. SHE IS NOW MY OWN CHILD.

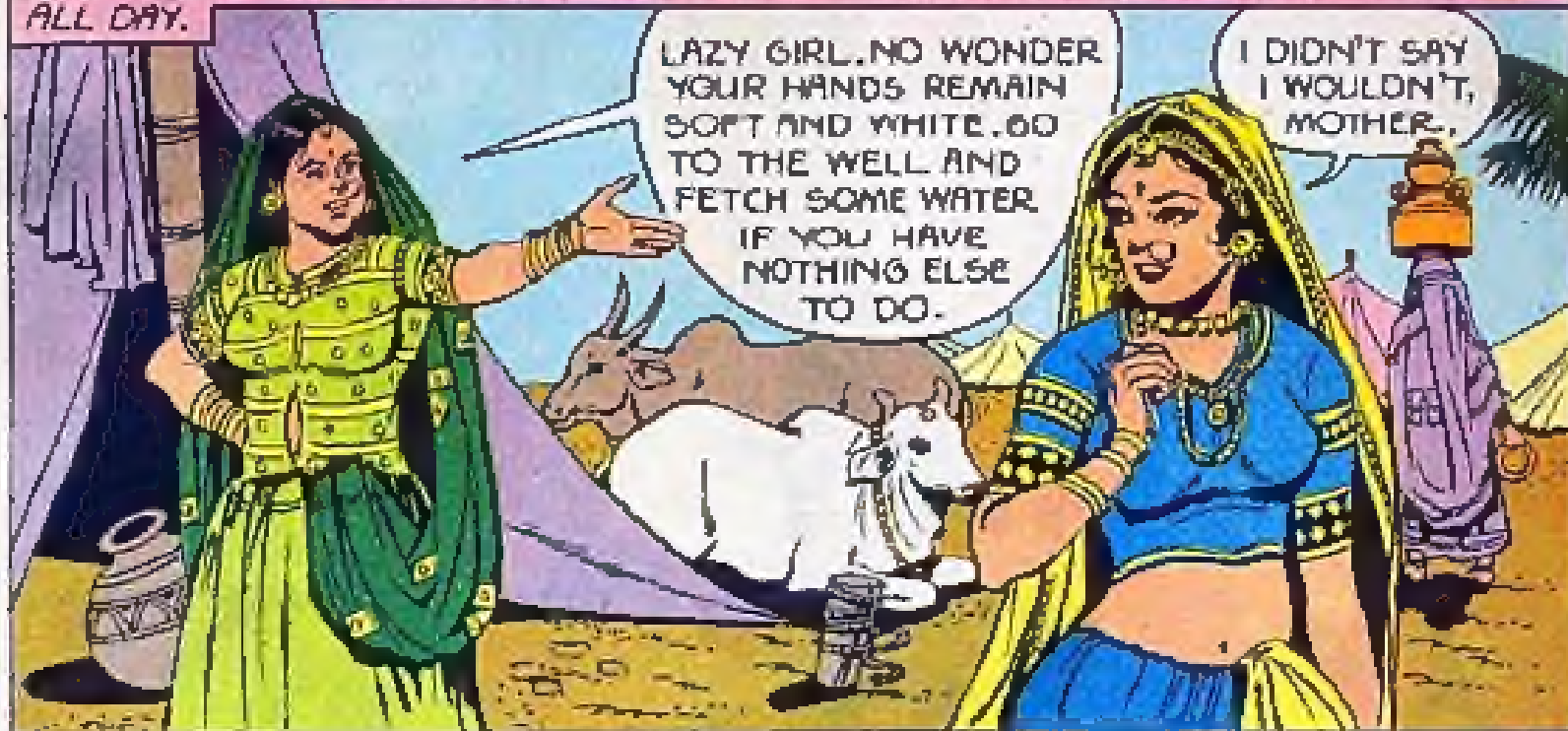
FROM THE DAY SHE SET EYES ON HER, DALI DISLIKED JASMA AND OFTEN ILL-TREATED HER.

MA, I'M HUNGRY. GIVE ME SOMETHING TO EAT.

DO YOU THINK I'VE NOTHING ELSE TO DO? YOU'RE ALWAYS HUNGRY, YOU'LL EAT US OUT OF HOUSE AND HOME, YOU SHAMELESS CHILD.



AS JASMA GREW UP, DALI'S DISLIKE TURNED INTO JEALOUS HATRED, FOR JASMA WAS EASILY THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL IN THE ODE TRIBE. SHE SCOLDED HER ALL DAY.



LAZY GIRL. NO WONDER YOUR HANDS REMAIN SOFT AND WHITE. GO TO THE WELL AND FETCH SOME WATER IF YOU HAVE NOTHING ELSE TO DO.

I DIDN'T SAY I WOULDN'T, MOTHER.

AT THE WELL --



JASMA, THE ROUGH ROPE WILL CUT YOUR DELICATE HANDS. LET ME HELP YOU.

MY HANDS MAY LOOK DELICATE BUT THEY ARE STRONG. I DON'T NEED YOUR HELP.

THAT NIGHT DALI SPOKE TO DALO.

WE MUST ARRANGE JASMA'S MARRIAGE SOON. SHE HAS COME OF AGE.



I AM AWARE OF THAT. BUT WHERE AM I TO GO FOR A DOWRY?

THESE WERE THE WORDS, THE EVIL DALI WAS WAITING FOR.

THIS IS THE OPPORTUNITY. JASMA SHALL MARRY THE CRIPPLE, RUPA. THAT SHOULD TEACH HER NOT TO BE CONCEITED ABOUT HER BEAUTY.



SHE TURNED TO DALO.

WHAT ABOUT MY COUSIN, BHALO BHAND'S SON, RUPA? I CAN GET COUSIN BHALO TO AGREE.



B... BUT RUPA IS A CRIPPLE!

HOW CAN WE EXPECT ANYTHING BETTER WHEN WE HAVE NO DOWRY TO OFFER?



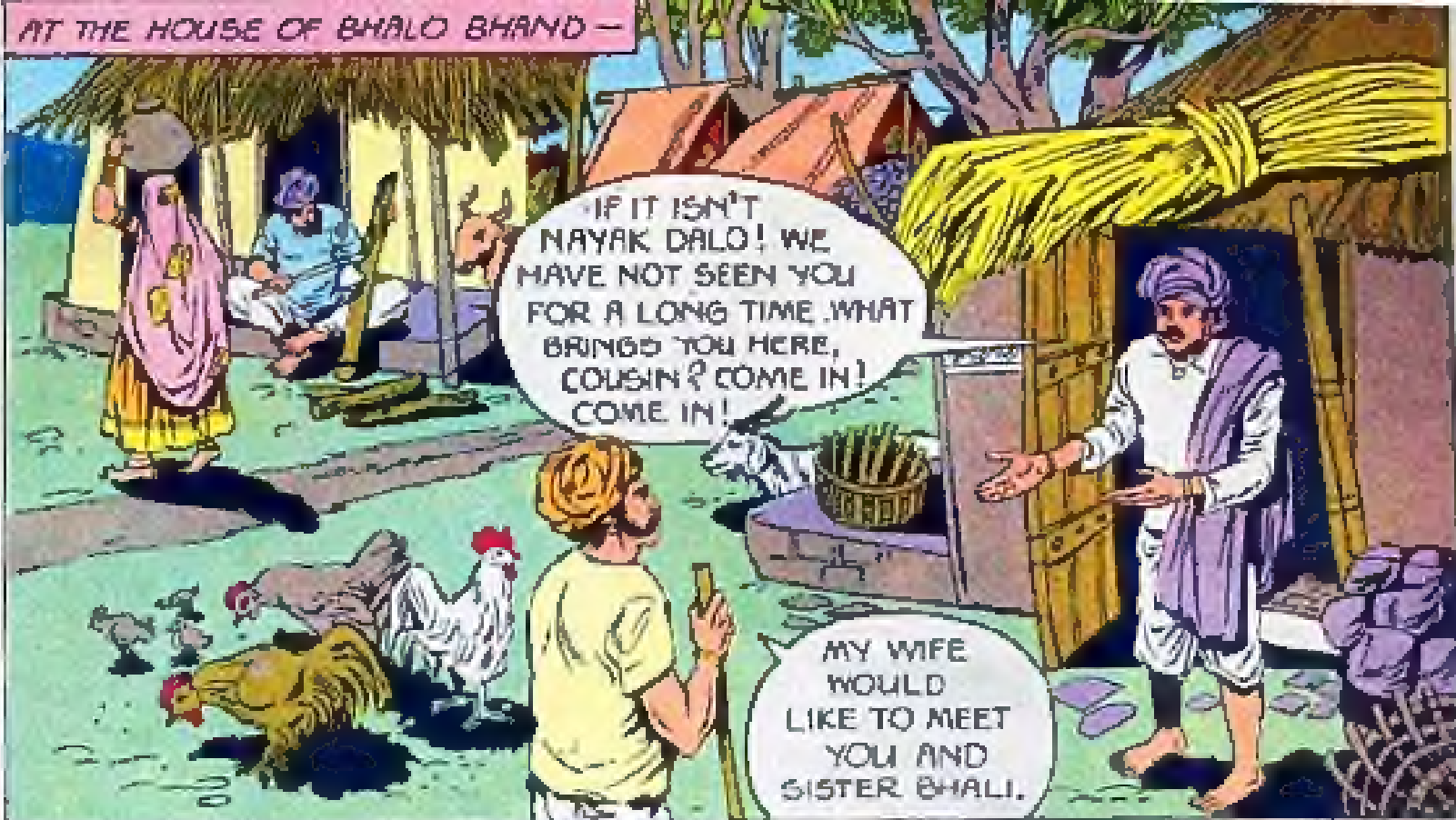
DALO WAS SILENT. DALI DID NOT GIVE UP.

YOU INVITE THEM HERE. I'LL DO THE REST.

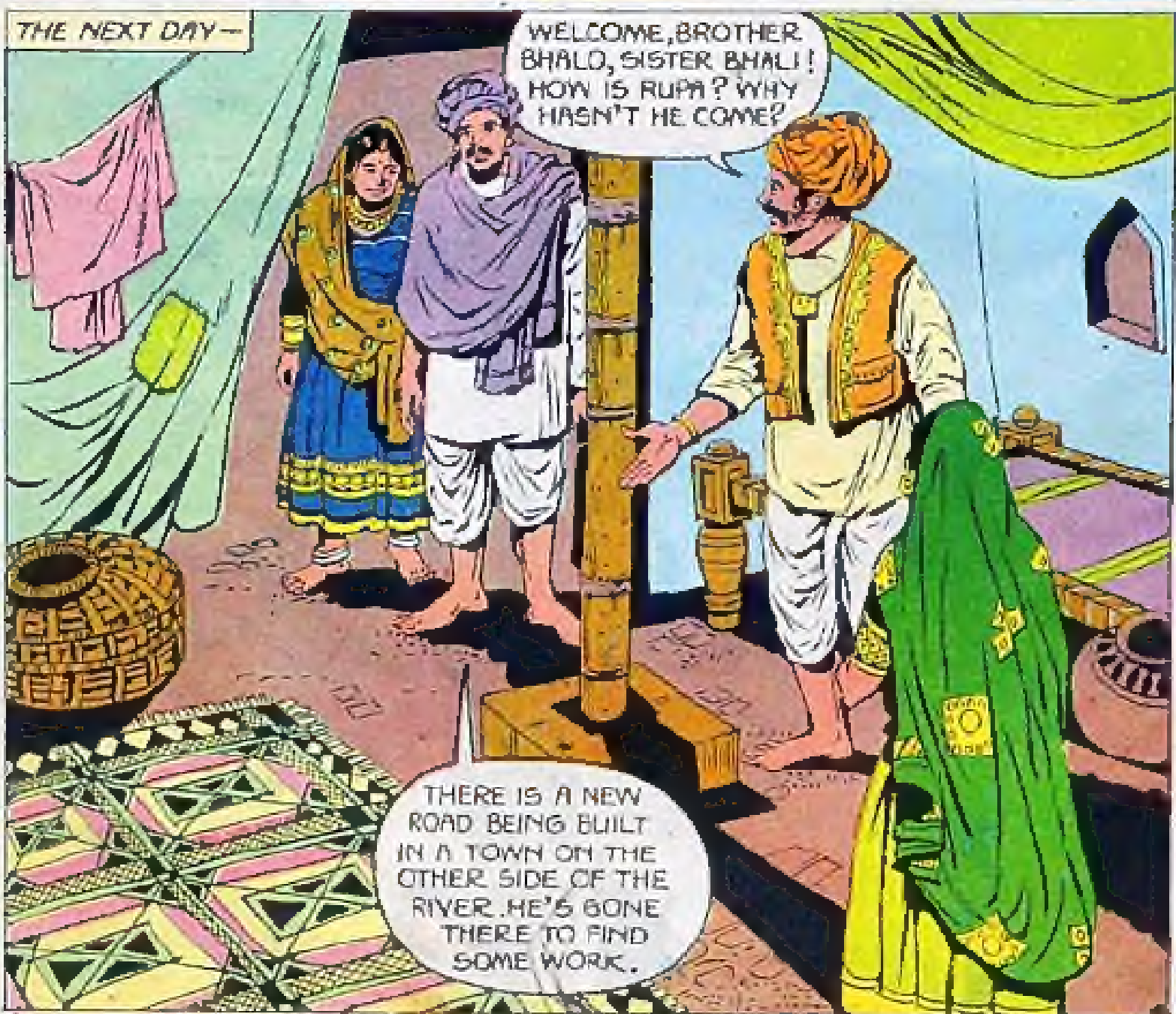
FORGIVE ME, JASMA. I AM HELPLESS.



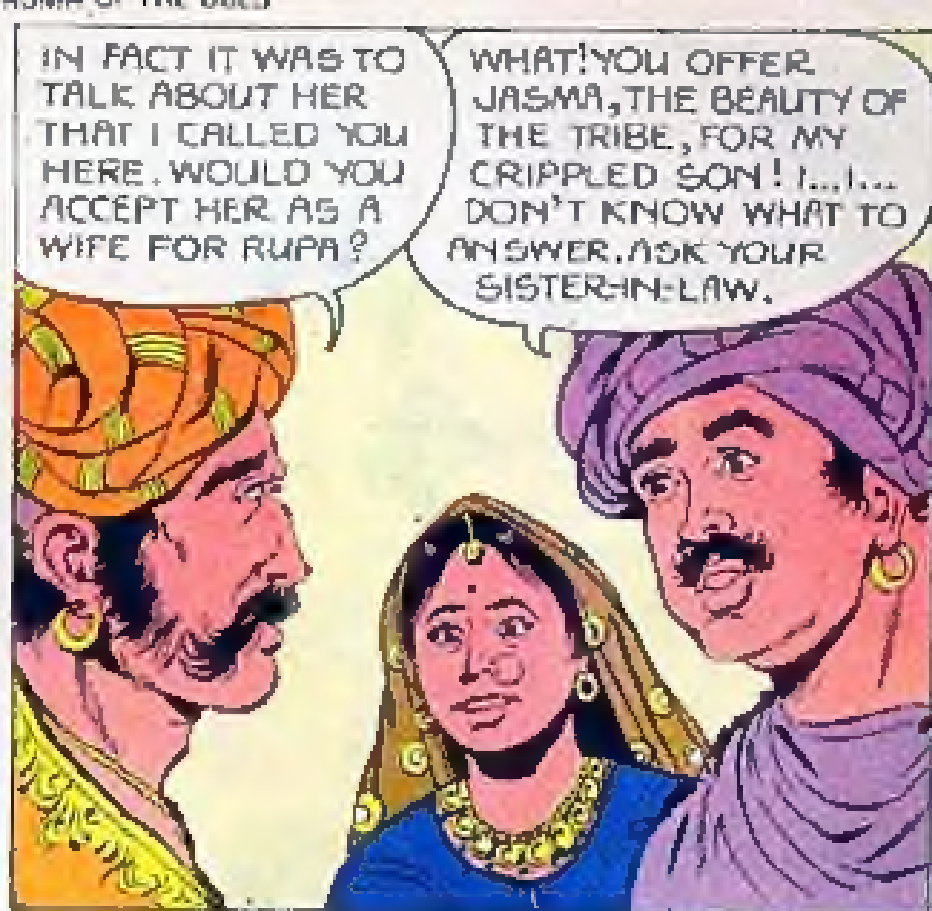
ALL RIGHT. I'LL GO TO BHALO BHAND TOMORROW.











SO, WHEN DALI LOOKED AT HER—

HOW MUCH DOWRY  
CAN YOU GIVE?  
AT LEAST A HUNDRED  
HEAD OF CATTLE?

I WOULD GIVE  
MORE FOR JASMA,  
SISTER, BUT WE  
LOST ALL OUR  
CATTLE IN THE LAST  
FAMINE. WE HAVE  
NOTHING TO GIVE.

YOU WILL HAVE  
TO GIVE AT LEAST  
A FEW HEAD OF  
CATTLE OR I WILL  
NOT ACCEPT YOUR  
DAUGHTER FOR  
MY SON.


DALO WAS PAINED BY THE  
WHOLE TRANSACTION. HE  
TURNED TO BHALO.

COUSIN, YOU KNOW THAT  
ALL I HAVE IS FOR JASMA.  
I HAVE ONE HEAD OF CAT-  
TLE. PLEASE ACCEPT IT  
AND LOOK AFTER MY  
LITTLE  
FLOWER.

BHALO WAS MOVED BY DALO'S  
WORDS AND TONE.


CATTLE OR NO  
CATTLE, JASMA  
SHALL  
BECOME MY  
DAUGHTER-  
IN-  
LAW!

ON THE DAY OF THE WEDDING



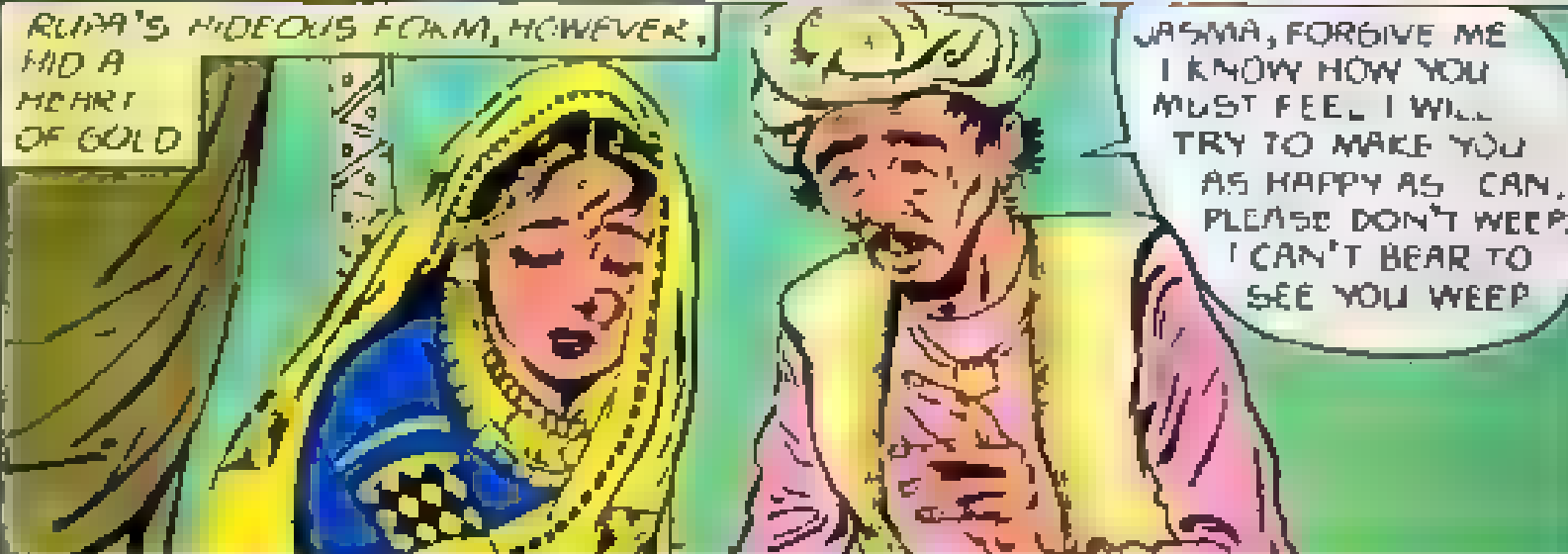
OH GOD! MY  
HUSBAND IS A  
CRIPPLE! WHAT  
A CRUEL  
FATE!

SHE CONTROLLED HERSELF, HOWEVER, AND WENT THROUGH THE CEREMONY BUT  
THAT NIGHT WHEN SHE SAW HIS FACE CLEARLY FOR THE FIRST TIME, SHE BROKE DOWN



HE'S UGLY  
YOU' ALAS!  
WHAT HILL  
I DONE TO  
DESERVE  
THIS?

RUPA'S HIDEOUS FORM, HOWEVER,  
HAD A  
HEART  
OF GOLD



JASMA, FORGIVE ME  
I KNOW HOW YOU  
MUST FEEL. I WILL  
TRY TO MAKE YOU  
AS HAPPY AS CAN.  
PLEASE DON'T WEEP.  
I CAN'T BEAR TO  
SEE YOU WEEP



JASMA WAS MOVED BY HIS WORDS, ASHAMED OF HERSELF, SHE FELL AT HIS FEET

I AM SORRY, RUPA I SHOULD ASK YOU FOR FORGIVENESS I WILL BE A LOYAL WIFE TO YOU AND WILL LOOK AFTER ALL YOUR NEEDS.

A FEW MONTHS LATER, JYOTI HAROT, A COAST FOLK OF GUJARAT, HAPPENED TO PASS BY THE ODE CAMP

WHAT A BEAUTIFUL GIRL, I HAVE NEVER SEEN ANYONE LIKE HER

HE TURNED TO A LITTLE BOY NEAR BY

WHO IS THAT GIRL?

SHE IS JASMA, NAYAK DALO'S DAUGHTER, RUPA'S WIFE

[illegible]

1. THE STATE OF TEXAS,  
 COUNTY OF DALLAS,  
 do hereby certify that  
 the within and foregoing is  
 a true and correct copy  
 of the original as the same  
 appears on the records of  
 the County of Dallas, Texas.  
 Given under my hand and  
 seal of office this 1st day  
 of January, 1901.  
 J. M. [Signature]  
 County Clerk

THEY'VE GONE IN  
HER BLINDLY  
TO ME

[illegible]

A MINE TRIP  
CAN'T HOLD ME  
A LITTLE BIT CAN  
EXAMINATION, AND  
ALL BEHEAD YOU!

IF YOU SEE HER  
TALKING TO  
ANYONE, CALL  
HER AT ONCE



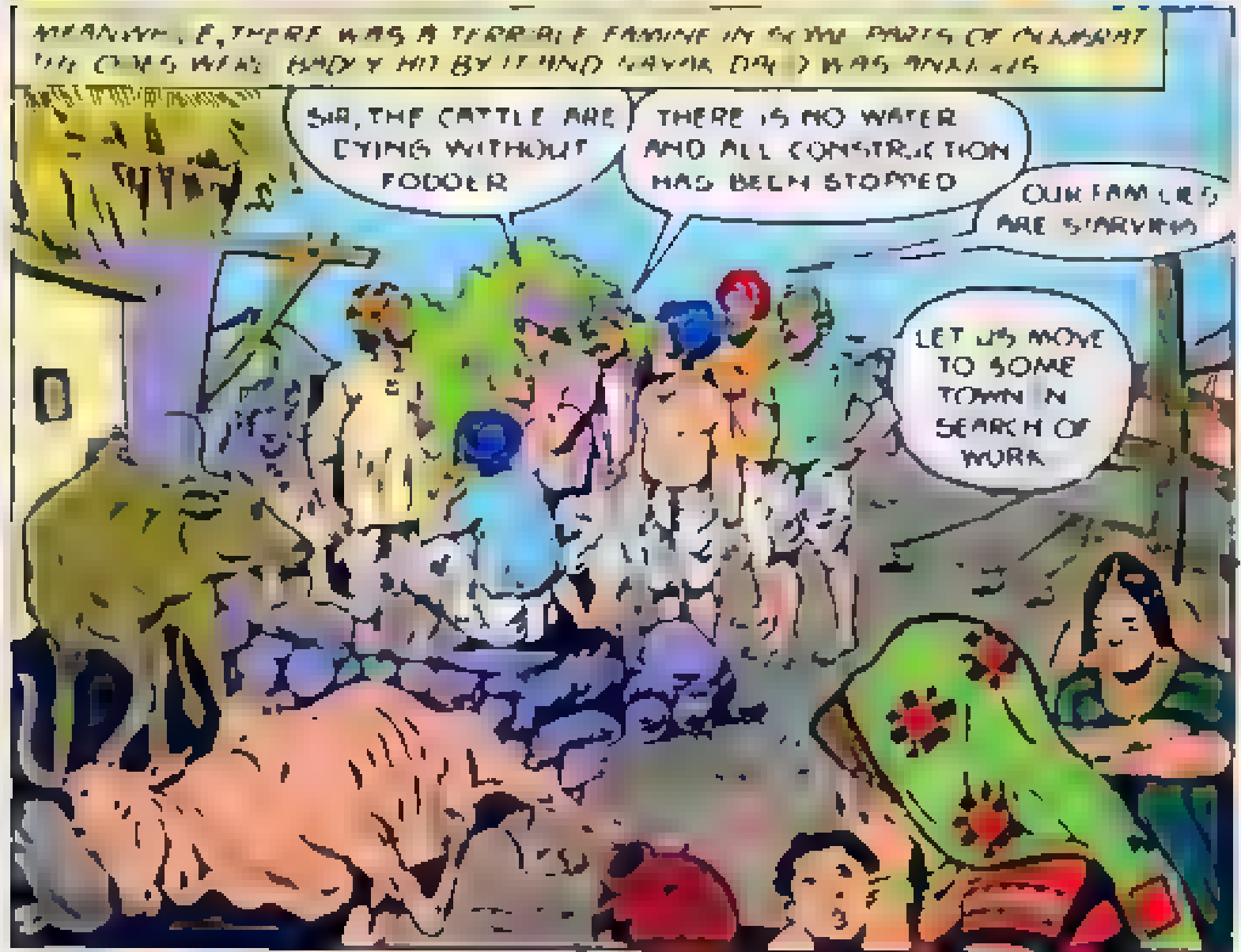
THEN SUMMON  
HER TO THE  
PALACE.

THE ODES ARE NOMADS,  
YOUR MAJESTY, AND  
INDEPENDENT OF SPIRIT  
AND TRAFFIC. NO ONE  
WILL EVER PERMIT  
JASNA TO COME TO  
THE PALACE



BUT I MUST SEE  
THIS BEAUTY

GIVE ME  
A FEW DAYS  
WHEN MAY BE  
I'LL THINK OF  
SOME WAY TO  
BRING THE  
ODES TO  
PATAN



MEANWHILE, THERE WAS A TERRIBLE FAMINE IN SOME PARTS OF MAMBAT  
THE ODES WERE HARDY HIT BY IT AND HAYAR DOLU WAS ANXIOUS

SIR, THE CATTLE ARE  
DYING WITHOUT  
FOODER

THERE IS NO WATER  
AND ALL CONSTRUCTION  
HAS BEEN STOPPED

OUR FAMILIES  
ARE STARVING

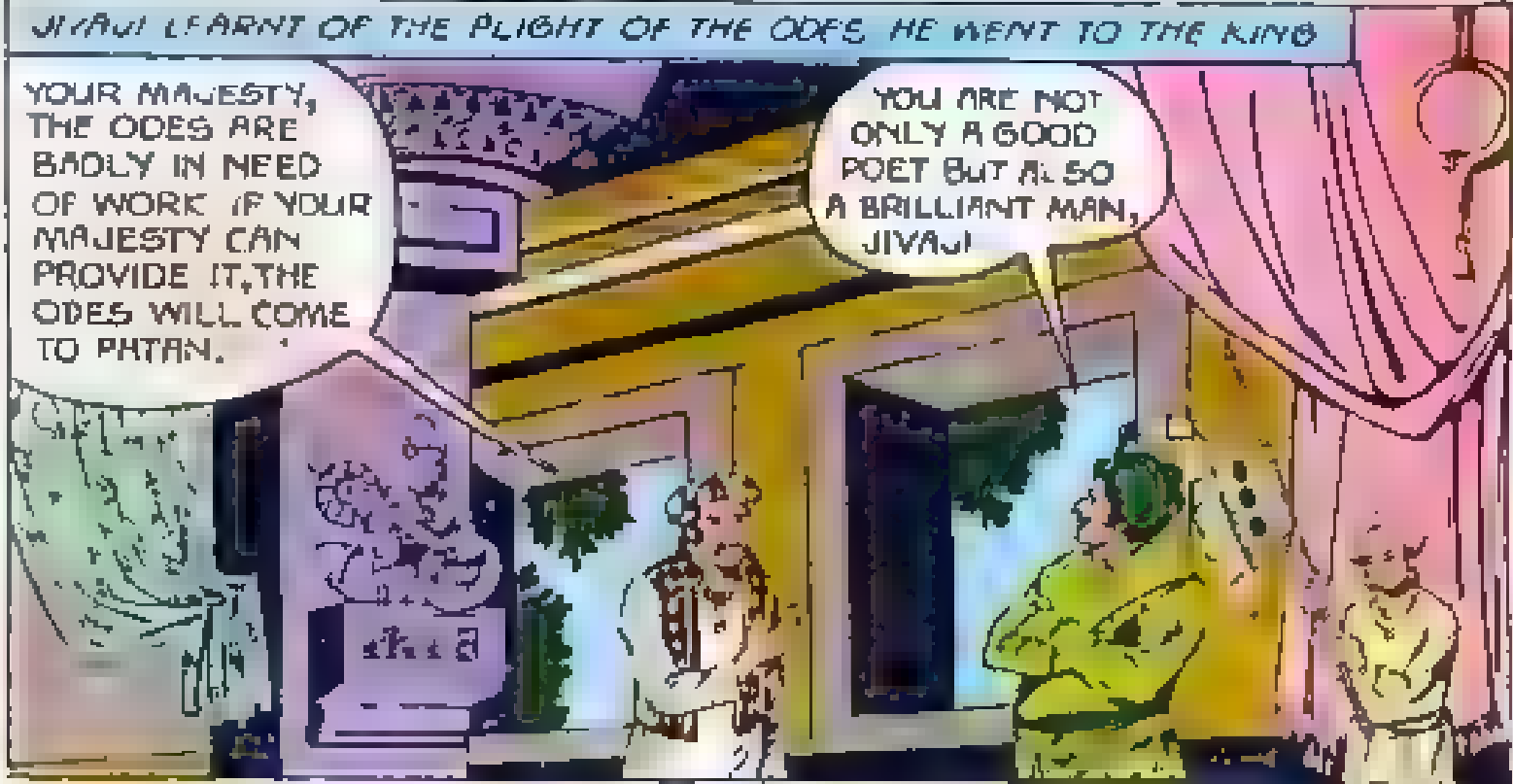
LET US MOVE  
TO SOME  
TOWN IN  
SEARCH OF  
WORK



JIVAJI LEARNT OF THE PLIGHT OF THE ODES. HE WENT TO THE KING

YOUR MAJESTY,  
THE ODES ARE  
BADLY IN NEED  
OF WORK IF YOUR  
MAJESTY CAN  
PROVIDE IT, THE  
ODES WILL COME  
TO PATAN.

YOU ARE NOT  
ONLY A GOOD  
POET BUT ALSO  
A BRILLIANT MAN,  
JIVAJI



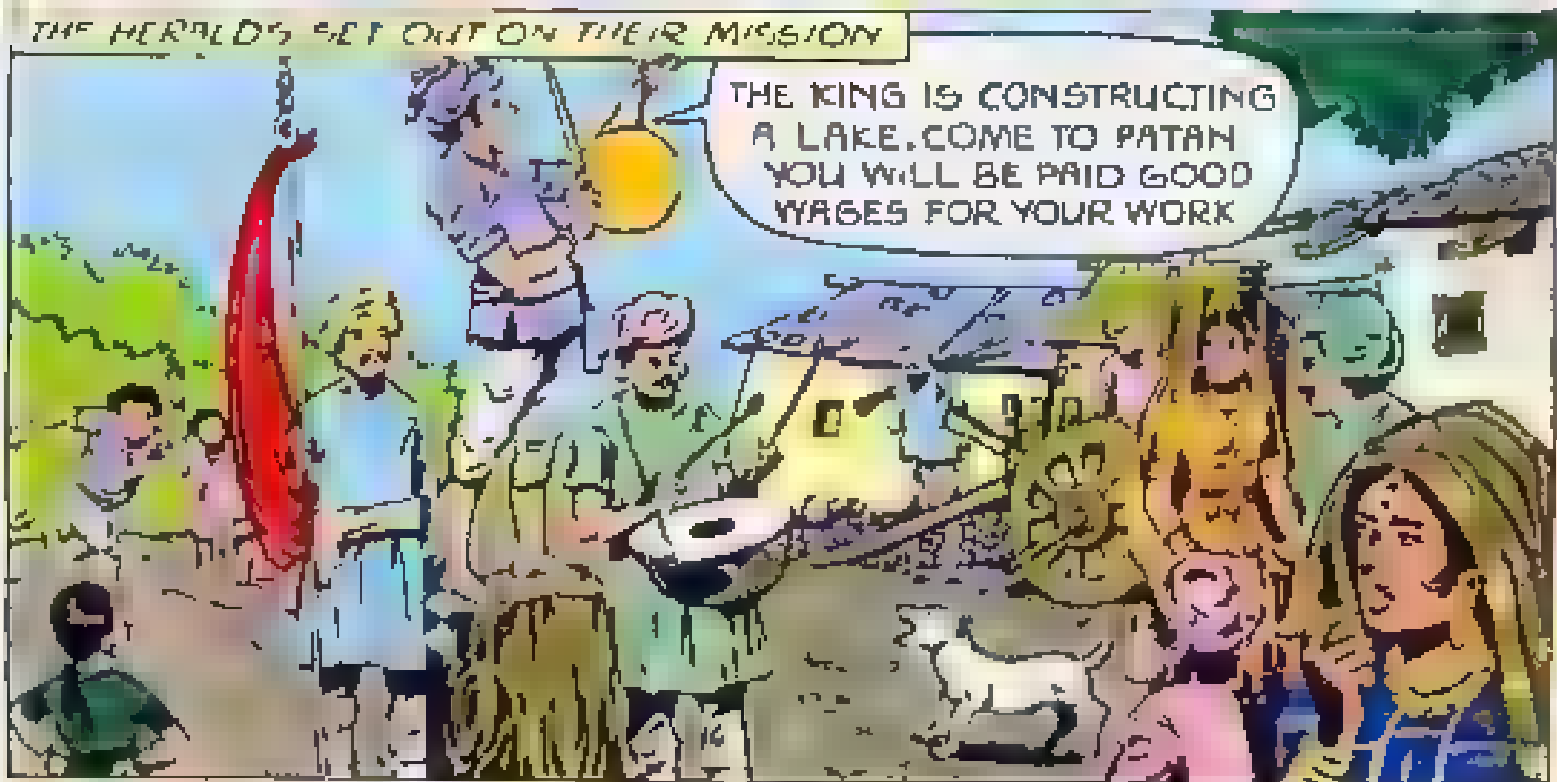
THE KING SENT FOR  
HIS MINISTER

REVIVE THE PLAN TO  
CONSTRUCT THE  
SAHASRA LINGA  
LAKE AND  
HERALDS TO ALL  
THE TRIBAL  
VILLAGES  
CALLING FOR  
LABOUR.



THE HERALDS SET OUT ON THEIR MISSION

THE KING IS CONSTRUCTING  
A LAKE. COME TO PATAN  
YOU WILL BE PAID GOOD  
WAGES FOR YOUR WORK



THE HERALDS REACHED THE CAMP OF THE PRINCE ONE'S TWO BROTHERS.

THIS SOUNDS ALMOST LIKE A ROYAL SUMMONS. IF WE GO, WE WILL BE BOWING TO THE WILL OF THE KING WE WILL NO LONGER BE FREE.

NO! NO!

WE WON'T GO!

TIMES WILL IMPROVE

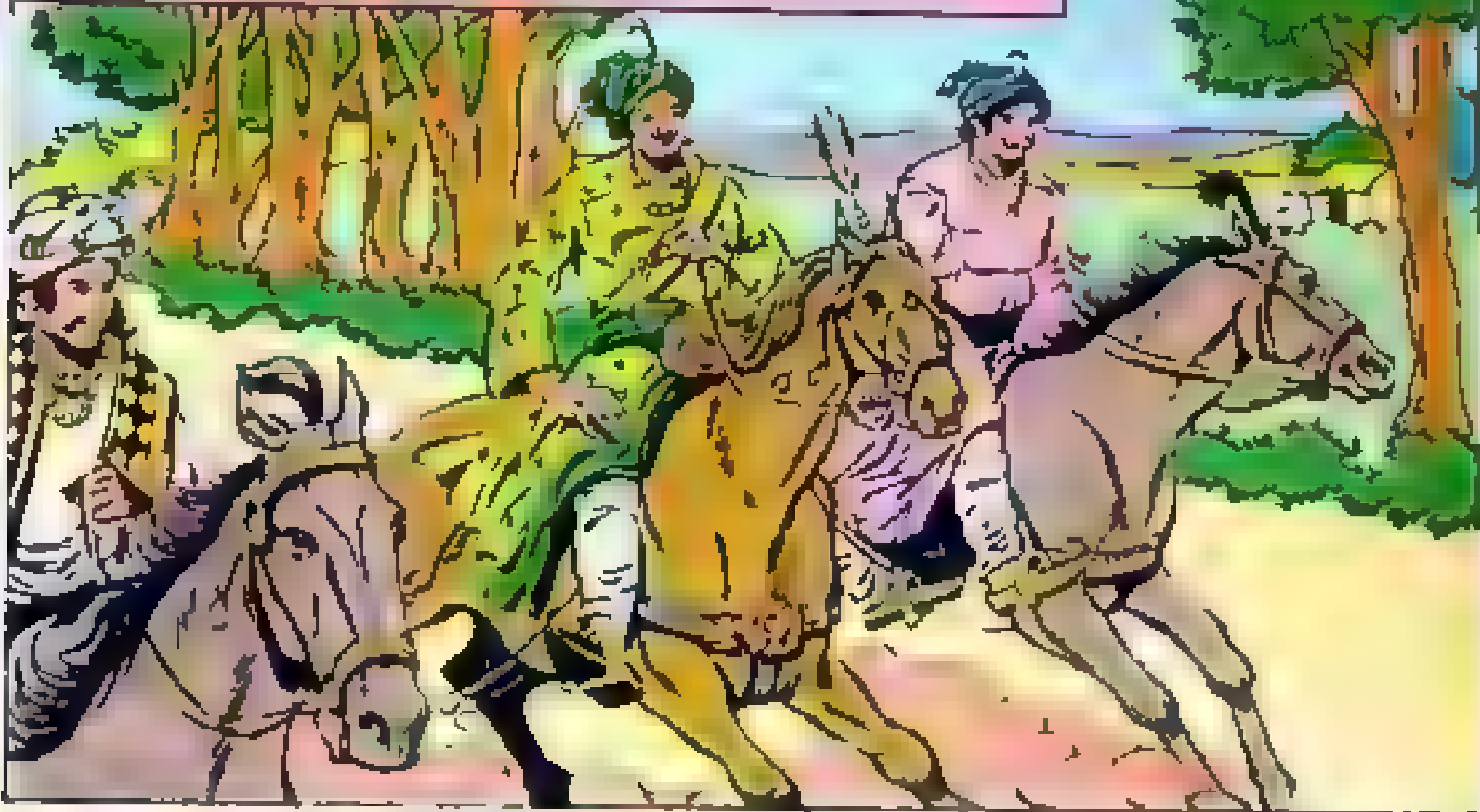
BUT TIMES ONLY GETTER BETTER TO MOVE AT LAST IN SHEER DEFEAT RUN, THE PRINCE LEADS HIS PEOPLE AWAY.

ALL RIGHT LET US GO TO PATAN. BUT WE WILL CAMP ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CAPITAL.

ONE EVENING, DAYS LATER, JIVAJI RAN EXCITEDLY TO THE KING.

YOUR MAJESTY, THEY'VE COME! THE ODES HAVE COME TO WORK AT THE SITE.

EARLY THE NEXT MORNING, AS USUAL, THE KING RODE OUT TO THE SITE WITH HIS MINISTER AND JIVAJI



WHEN THEY REACHED THE SITE

WHERE ARE  
THE ODES?

THAT GROUP  
WORKING OVER  
THERE. THEY ARE  
THE ODES, MY  
LORD.



THE KING TURNED TO HIS  
MINISTER,

BRING  
THEIR  
CHIEF  
TO ME





THE MINISTER RETURNED WITH NAYAK DALO DHAND

SO THIS  
IS THE  
BEAUTY'S  
FATHER

SO YOU ARE NAYAK  
DALO DHAND, CHIEF  
OF THE ODE TRIBE

YES, YOUR  
MAJESTY



WHERE DO  
YOU LIVE?

IN THOSE HILLS,  
OVER THERE, YOUR  
MAJESTY



WHEN DALO LEFT—

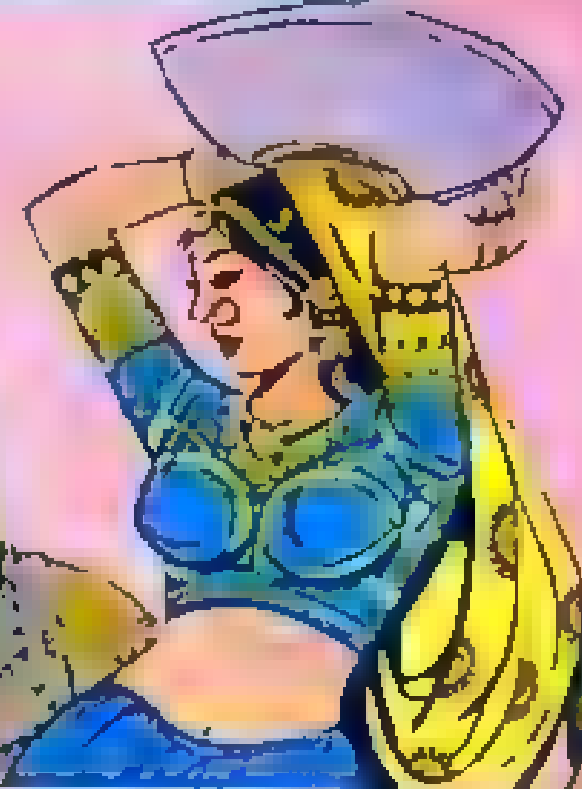
JIVAJI, I STILL  
CANNOT BELIEVE  
THAT JASMA  
HAS THE BEAUTY  
YOU CLAIM  
SHE HAS

WAIT TILL YOU  
SEE HER, SHE  
DOES NOT SEEM  
TO HAVE COME  
TO WORK TODAY



THE NEXT DAY, HIS TH KING RODE TO THE SITE ~

MY GOD! WHAT A  
BEAUTIFUL CREATURE!  
SHE MUST BE A  
GODDESS.



THE KING RODE UP TO HER

O BEAUTIFUL  
ONE, WHAT IS  
YOUR NAME?

I AM JASMA  
OF THE ODE  
TRIBE, YOUR  
MAJESTY



JASMA!  
YES, WHO ELSE  
COULD IT BE?

DELICATE ONE, YOU  
REMINDE ME OF THE  
JASMINE FLOWER

I MAY LOOK DELICATE,  
O KING, BUT I WORK  
HARD TO EARN  
MY LIVING.



SAY YOU WILL BECOME  
MINE AND I WILL TAKE  
YOU TO MY PALACE:

I'D RATHER  
LIVE IN  
MY HUT.

COME WITH ME,  
JASMA YOU WILL  
NEVER HAVE TO WORK  
AGAIN I WILL MAKE  
YOU THE QUEEN  
OF GUJARAT

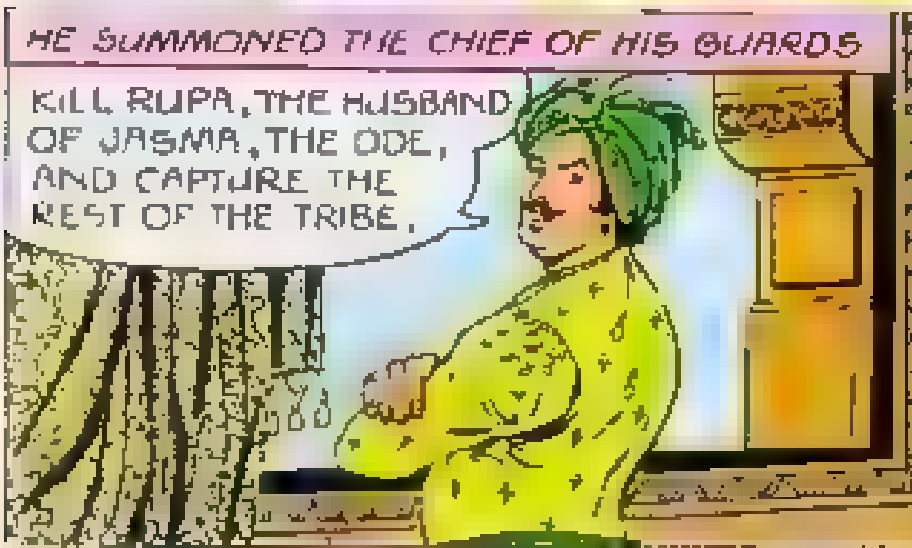
HA! HA! HA! WHAT  
WOULD I DO WITH  
A KINGDOM?

HER LAUGHTER MADDENED  
THE KING

IF YOU WILL NOT  
COME WILLINGLY,  
I'LL TAKE YOU  
AWAY BY FORCE

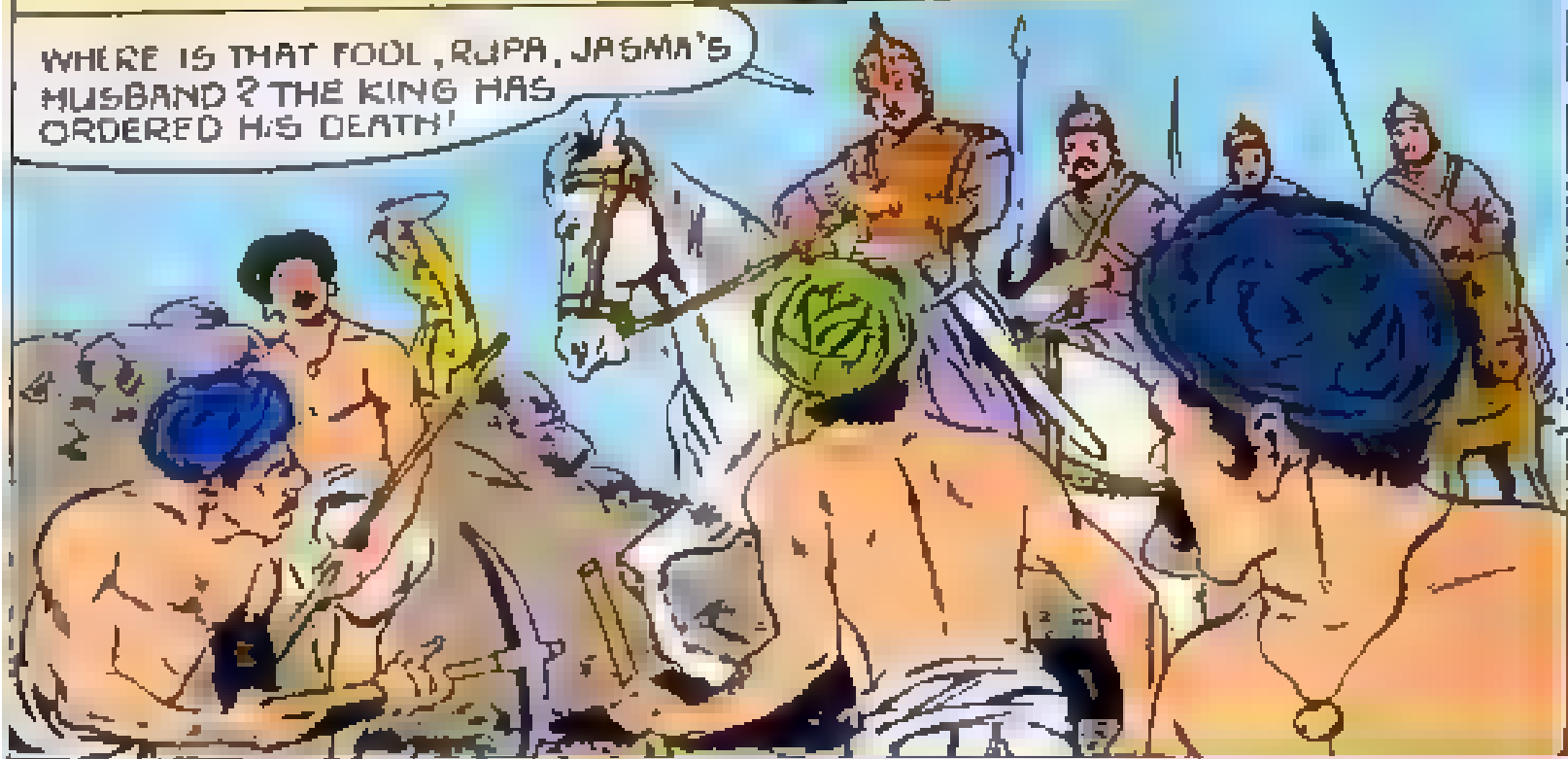
I WON'T  
YOU DARE  
TOUCH ME  
I AM A  
MARRIED  
WOMAN





THE CHIEF OF THE GUARDS AND HIS MEN RODE OUT TO THAT PART OF THE SITE WHERE THE ODES WERE WORKING

WHERE IS THAT FOOL, RUPA, JASMA'S HUSBAND? THE KING HAS ORDERED HIS DEATH!



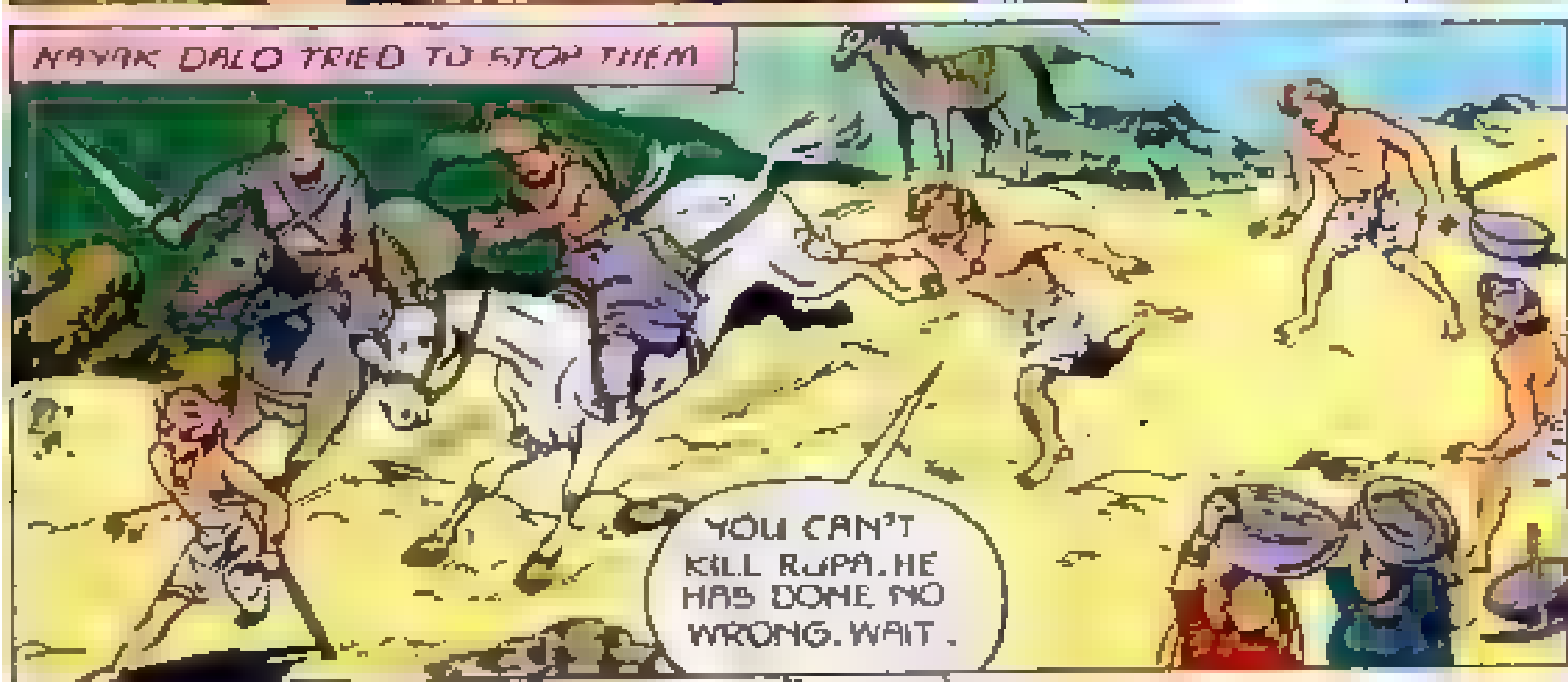
WHEN HE HEARD THAT, RUPA TRIED TO RIDE AWAY

THERE HE IS CATCH HIM

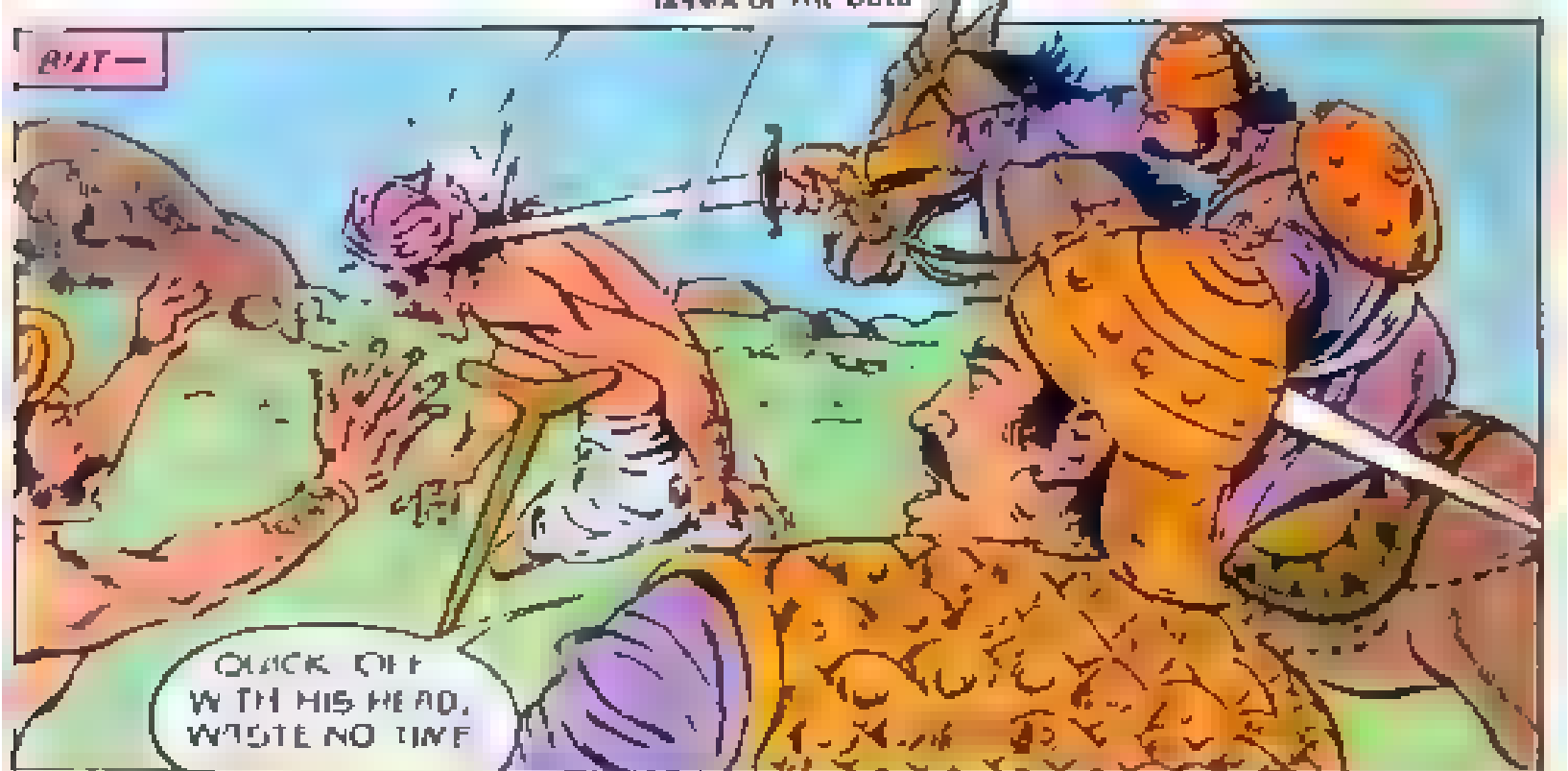


NAYAK DALO TRIED TO STOP THEM

YOU CAN'T KILL RUPA. HE HAS DONE NO WRONG. WAIT.



BUT—



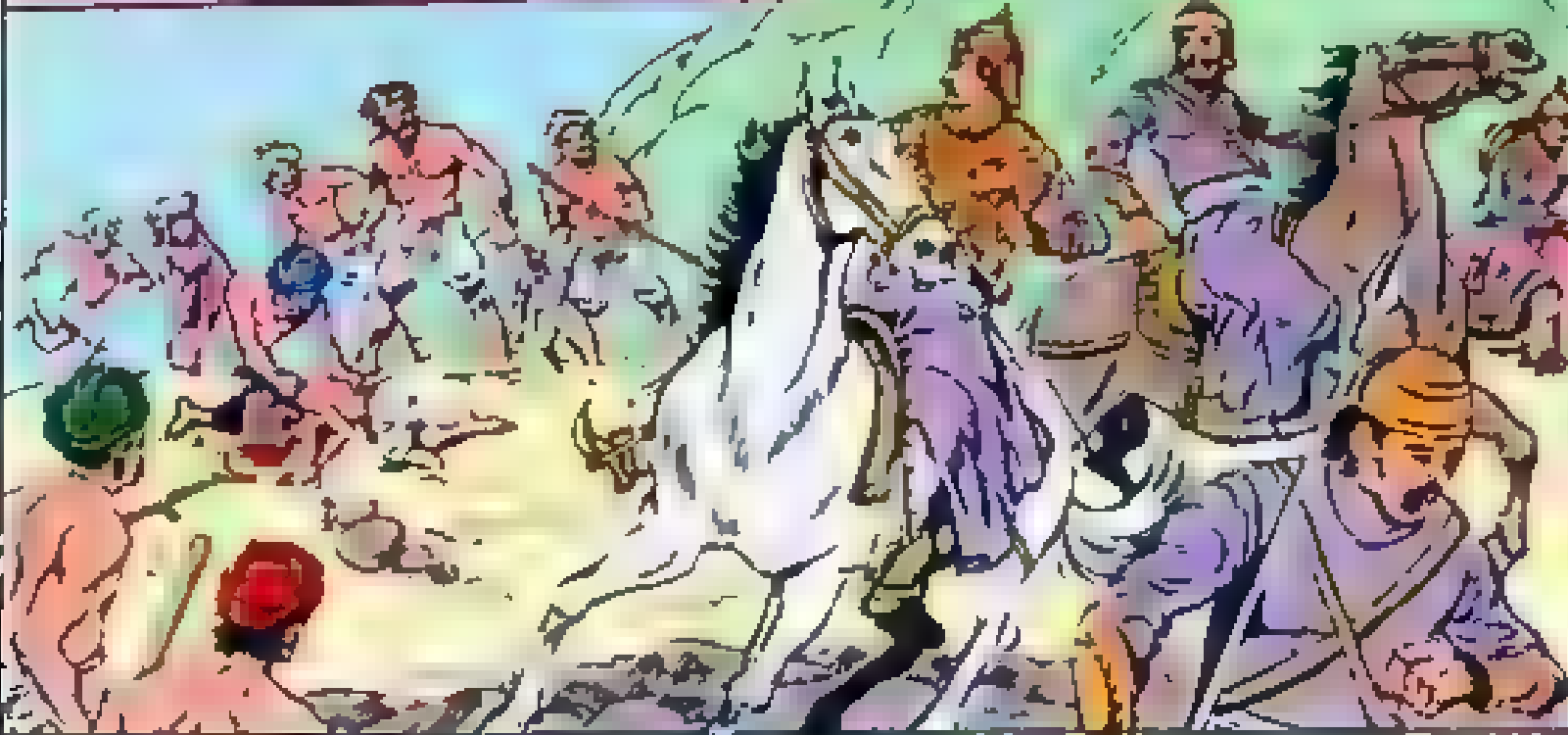
QUICK OFF  
WITH HIS HEAD,  
WASTE NO TIME

THE GODS WERE ATTEMPTED BY THE COLD-BLOODED MURDER NAYAK WHO WAS AGAINST



WHY DID YOU KILL  
HIM? WHAT CRIME HAS  
HE COMMITTED?

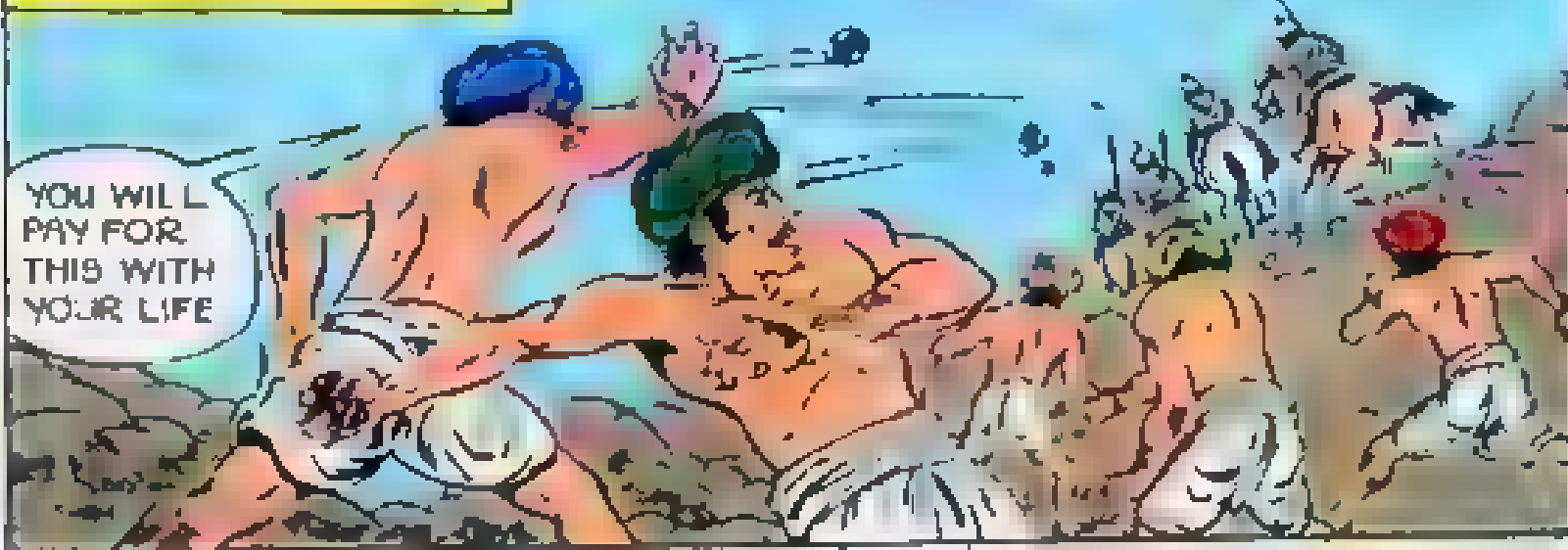
FOR A REPLY THE CHIEF OF THE GLARDS  
AND HIS MEN TURNED THEIR HORSES



... AND BEGAN TO RIDE AWAY.



THE CHIEF GAVE CHASE







YOU WILL HAVE TO  
CONTEND WITH THE  
ROYAL ARMY FIRST



NAYAK DILLO NOW BECAME ANXIOUS

WHAT SHALL WE DO?  
WHAT CHANCE HAVE  
WE AGAINST THE  
WELL EQUIPPED  
ROYAL ARMY?

REVENGE

WE  
MUST  
FIGHT

LET'S  
ATTACK  
BEFORE  
THEY DO!



THE ODL'S WENT INTO THEIR HUTS AND CAME OUT WITH  
THEIR WEAPONS. JUST THEN AN ODL CAME RUNNING UP.

THEY HAVE NOT  
WASTED ANY TIME.  
THE KING'S ARMY  
IS ON ITS WAY!

MAJIK DALO GAVE ORDERS

ONWARD, MY MEN  
WE WILL FIGHT  
TO A FINISH



THE RAHITECHIS ODES WERE FIGHTING TO A FINISH AND THEY FOUGHT WITH  
A VENGEANCE.



THE KING'S ARMY WAS NO MATCH FOR THEM. THE SOLDIERS LOST HEART

AT THIS RATE NOT A  
SINGLE ONE OF US  
WILL BE LEFT  
ALIVE

LET'S RETREAT BEFORE  
IT'S TOO LATE

WE'VE ROUTED  
THE KING'S  
ARMY



WHEN THE COMMANDER OF THE  
ARMY SAW HIS MEN RETREAT .

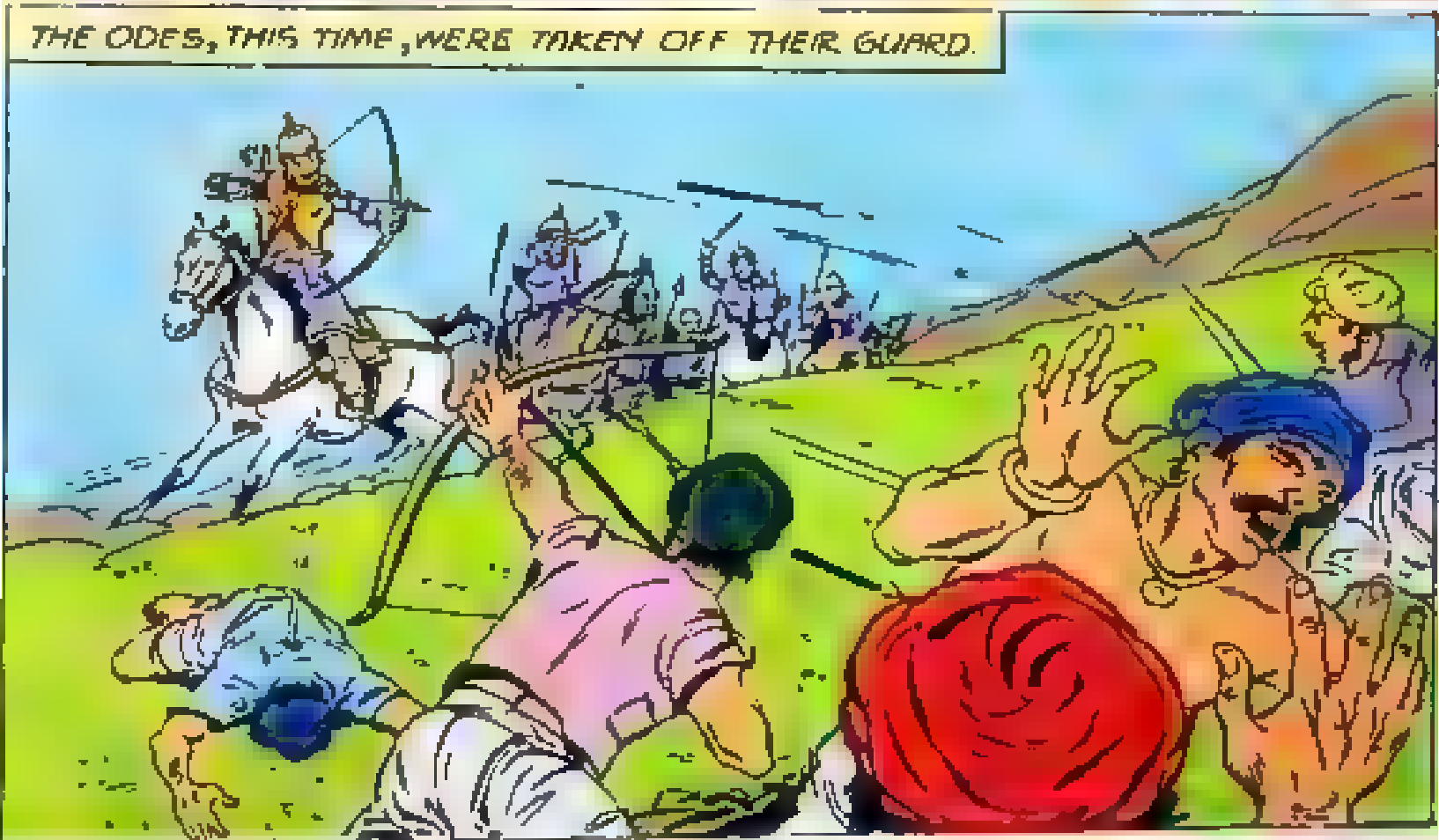


HE CHANGED HIS STRATEGY

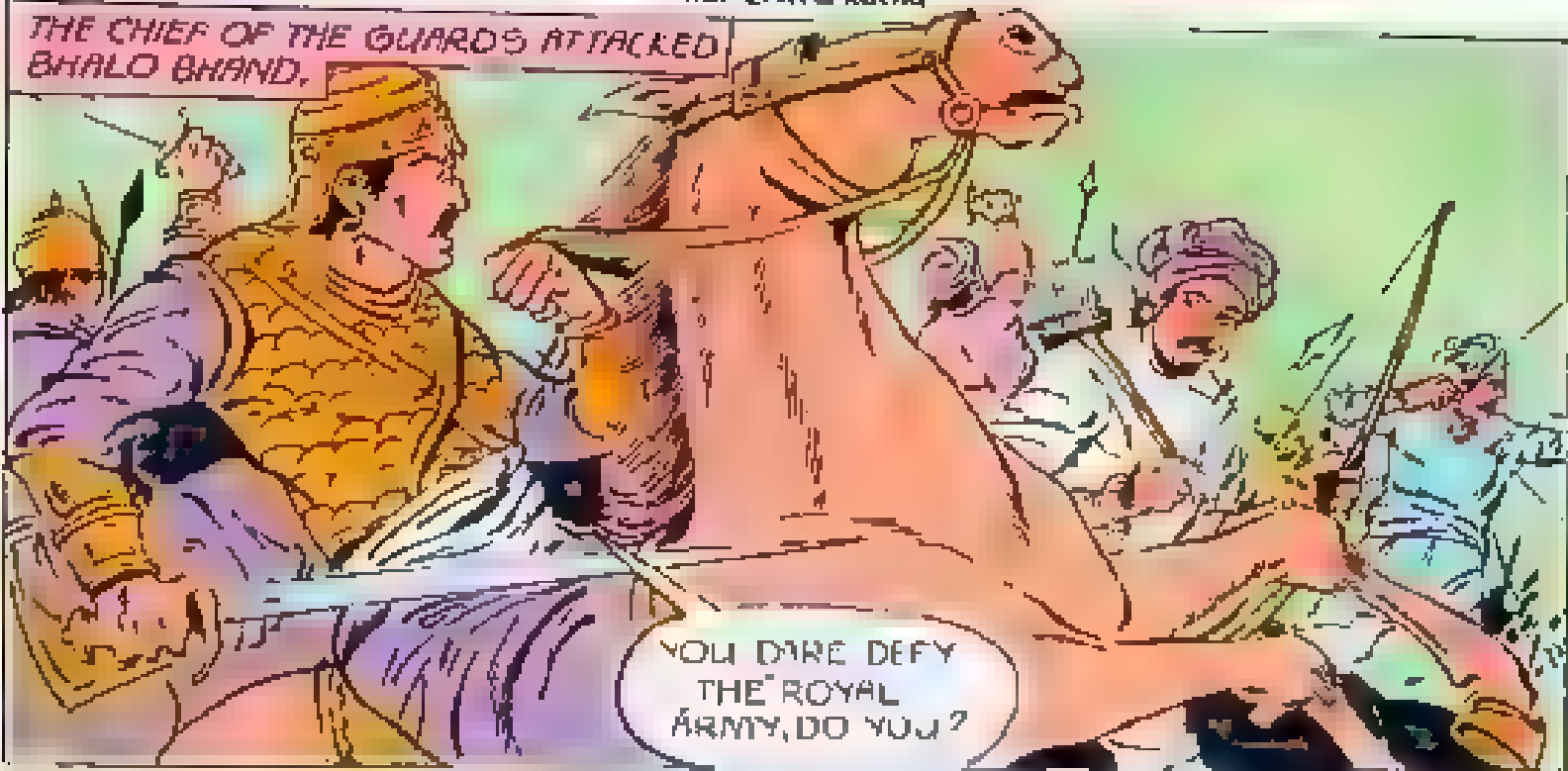
COURAGE, MY  
MEN SURROUND  
THEM FROM  
THE REAR



THE ODES, THIS TIME, WERE TAKEN OFF THEIR GUARD.



THE CHIEF OF THE GUARDS ATTACKED  
BHALO BHAND.



YOU DARE DEFEY  
THE ROYAL  
ARMY, DO YOU?

AND WITHOUT GIVING BHALO  
A CHANCE TO  
DEFEND HIMSELF,  
HE KILLED THE  
BRAVE ODE



WHEN THEY SAW BHALO BHAND FALL, THE ODES  
LOST THEIR MORALE BUT NAYAK DHLO DHAND  
DID NOT PERMIT THEM TO RETREAT



DON'T GIVE UP, MY  
MEN RUPA'S MURDER  
MUST BE AVENGED.



WHEN THE COMMANDER HEARD DALO, HE CHARGED UP TO HIM

SURRENDER  
OR DIE!

SURRENDER  
IS DEATH  
FOR AN ODE!

THE COMMANDER RAISED HIS  
SWORD.

AND BROUGHT IT DOWN  
ON THE NAYAK'S NECK.

AN ODE RAN TO JASMA

YOUR FATHER  
IS DEAD RUN  
AWAY FROM  
HERE.

JASMA REFUSED TO EVEN MOVE.

I AM AN ODE, AN ODE  
NEVER RUNS AWAY!  
I WILL JOIN MY  
HUSBAND.



A CRY WENT UP FROM ALL  
THE WOMEN AROUND HER.

SATI  
JASMA!

SATI  
JASMA! MAY  
THE GODS  
BLESS HER!



JUST THEN THE KING RODE UP TO THE SITE. SHOCKED BY WHAT  
HE SAW, HE TURNED FURIOUSLY UPON THE CHIEF OF THE GUARDS.

WHY DID YOU KILL THESE  
INNOCENT TRIBALS? I ONLY  
ORDERED YOU TO CAPTURE  
THEM ALIVE.

THERE WAS NO  
OTHER ALTERNATIVE,  
YOUR MAJESTY. THEY  
PREFERRED DEATH  
TO CAPTIVITY.



THE CRACKLING FLAMES  
BLARED MOCKINGLY AT  
HIM TELLING HIM IT  
WAS TOO LATE.

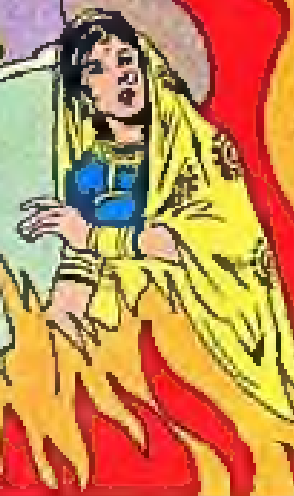
ALAS! I AM DOOMED!  
MY KINGDOM IS DOOMED.  
THE GREAT KING  
SIDDHARAJ JAISINGH  
WILL DIE A LEFER FOR  
LUSTING  
AFTER A  
CHASTE  
WIFE.



AS THE FLAMES ENVELOPED JASMA-

I AM LALDEV, INDRA'S  
MESSENGER. I HAVE  
COME TO TAKE YOU  
TO HEAVEN.

I WILL NOT  
GO WITH YOU  
LEAVING ALL  
THOSE WHO  
DIED FOR  
ME BEHIND.



LAL DEV WAS STRUCK  
BY HER LOYALTY.

THEN I SHALL  
BRING THEM  
BACK TO LIFE.



ONE BY ONE, THE DEAD ODES BREATHED AGAIN.

FATHER!  
UNCLE BHALO!  
RUPA! RUPA!

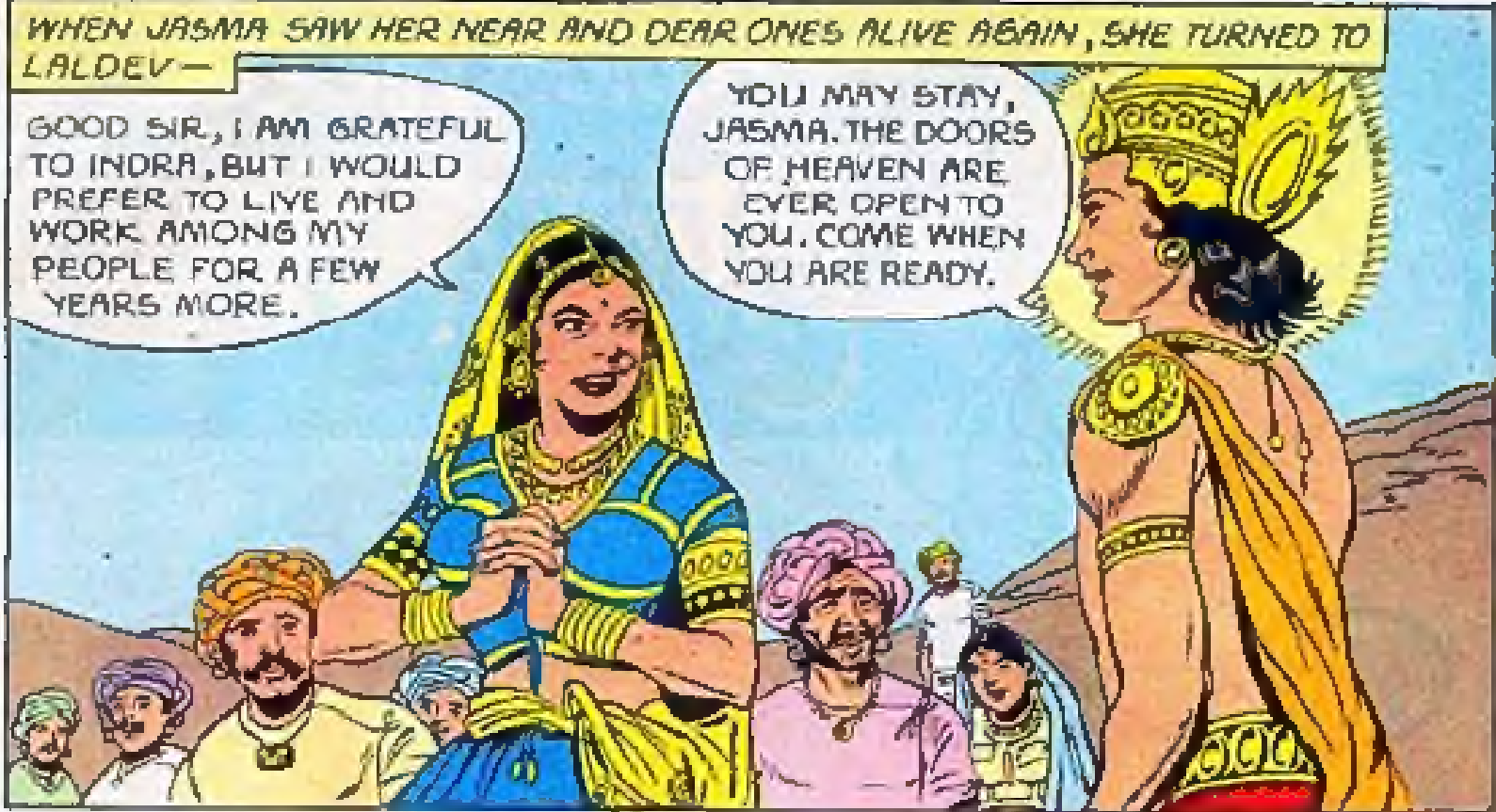




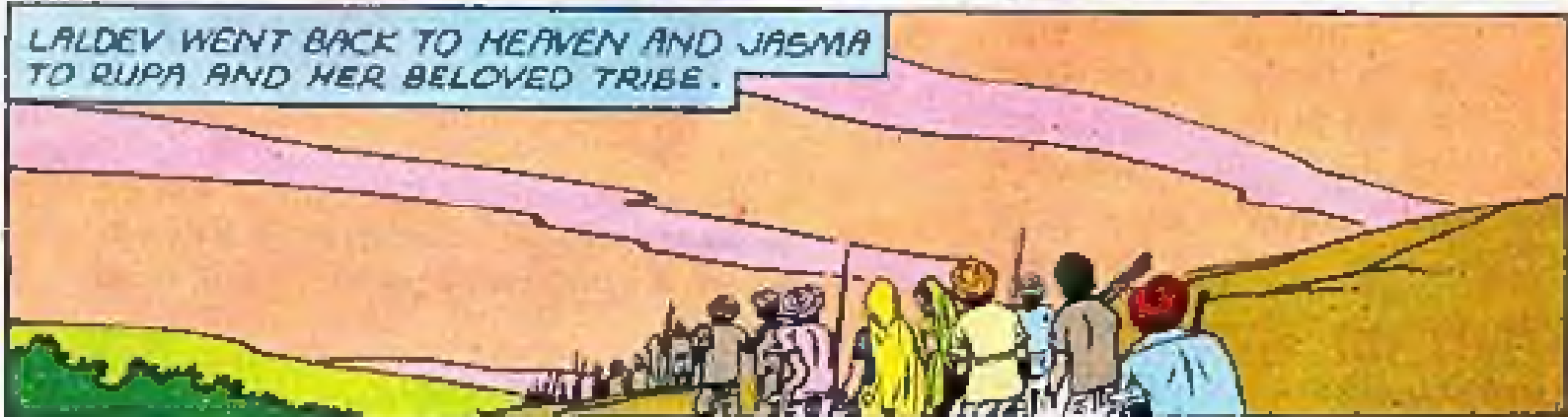
WHEN JASMA SAW HER NEAR AND DEAR ONES ALIVE AGAIN, SHE TURNED TO LALDEV —

GOOD SIR, I AM GRATEFUL TO INDRA, BUT I WOULD PREFER TO LIVE AND WORK AMONG MY PEOPLE FOR A FEW YEARS MORE.

YOU MAY STAY, JASMA. THE DOORS OF HEAVEN ARE EVER OPEN TO YOU. COME WHEN YOU ARE READY.



LALDEV WENT BACK TO HEAVEN AND JASMA TO RUPA AND HER BELOVED TRIBE.

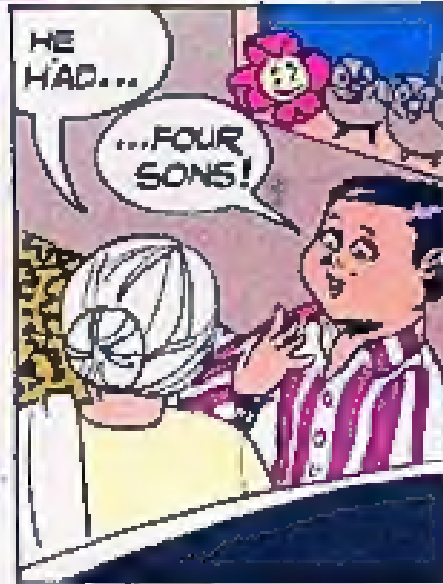
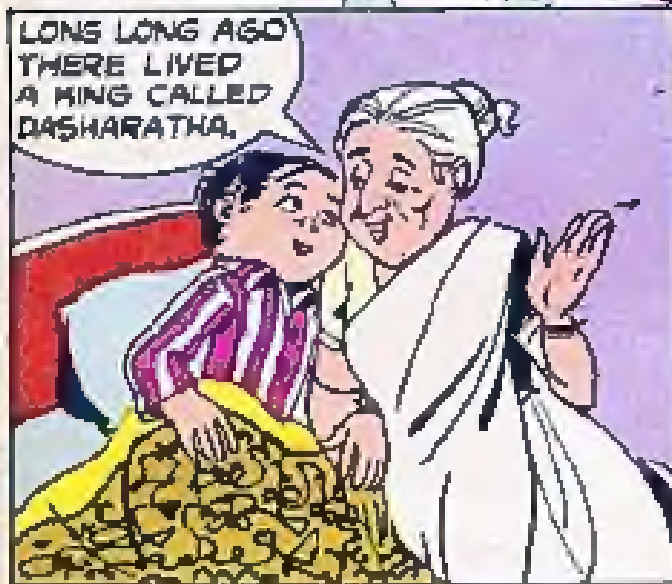


MANY, MANY YEARS LATER, SHE DIED. AFTER HER DEATH SONGS WERE COMPOSED ON HER AND TEMPLES WERE BUILT IN HER MEMORY.





# A BED TIME STORY



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